Contents

6
What a Pity that we Should Die at 50 by Henrik Galeen

12
Strolling Around a Film by Felix Panten

18
Tracing the Steps of Henrik Galeen by Stefan Drössler

30
Hanns Heinz Ewers: The Vampire in a Völkisch Prostitute's Bed
by Michael Farin

42
The Cinema and Me by Hanns Heinz Ewers

46
Exceptional Photoplays: The Man Who Cheated Life

52
Erich Hellmund-Waldow: Alraune (The Woman of Destiny)

54
Oswell Blakestone : The banned sequence in Alraune
(The Woman of Destiny)

56
Henrik Galeen: Alraune & The Student of Prague by Walter Chaw

68
Where Doth He Lie? The Final Breath & Burial of Henrik Galeen
by Stephen R. Bissette

74
Film Credits

76
Acknowledgements

WHAT A PITY THAT WE SHOULD DIE AT 50

by

Henrik Galeen

Dear editor, you want me to tell tales out of school… I can't get over the feeling that I have to do it for you. You were nice enough to mention that you were especially keen on an essay from my pen. – You rejected an interview recorded by a third party –: You gave me a special compliment when you said: "The director of THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE will certainly have a lot of personal stuff to say!" – Thank you for that sentence. – In order not to disappoint you, not to destroy your faith in me, I will try to say what is important in the space you have allotted:

The day before yesterday, after the premiere, my housekeeper forgave me all my sins and asked me verbatim in her dialect: "Tell me, Herr Galeen, what does the director actually have to do wid id'all?" I wish you had been there, Mr. Editor, because I would have liked to know what you would have said. Should I wonder or be happy about my housekeeper's question?

In grade school we had a teacher who really accomplished something in reference to THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE. We were asked to write an essay about a specific topic in which the word "I" did not occur. – This teacher taught us even back then to hide our individuality at certain moments, in order to focus our attention on the world at large. He felt that such a renunciation would be good practice to strengthen our personality. This ordinary teacher did something more important than my father who gave me my first camera at 13 (including developer and chemicals), because even today his former student considers withholding the inner

self much more important for a film director than purely technical and professional knowledge.

Wallenstein's quote, "There is no such thing as coincidence!" shakes me later to the core. The instinctive certainty of that particular truth, gave me a sense of the connections between art and nature and became a second equally subconscious guiding principle of my development. – "Sensing" and "knowing" are two completely different concepts. Bernard Shaw recently said something like the following: "What a pity that we should die as children at 50, that is at the very moment when we begin to recognize the inner relationships of this life."

If you have seen the old THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE from 1913, you know the film is only 1400 meters long. I was therefore forced to take the same material, which ran 45 minutes in 1913, and bring it to today's feature film length at 3000 meters, without increasing its length for its own sake, rather the splendid fable had to become richer, while eradicating from the script today's untenable Satanisms. – That wasn't an easy task. It meant fighting against my youthful memories, against the powerful impressions of the cinema's first work of art. – The unrealized moments of the first script had to be enhanced and brought into clear focus. – And –not last of all… the longer film could not be boring.

I attempted to create more rounded characters, since that seems to me to be the most important thing when writing a script. The actor must be at one with the role and not be subjected to any "dead" scenes – otherwise the most brilliant will fail. The student of Prague had to really be a student, he had to have a back-story of a real youth of the time, a happy-go-lucky, moonstruck, wild, "dueling" youth. The gold-digging student Balduin had to appear sympathetic, despite his ambitious quest for riches – merely unsatisfied, wishing himself out of the confines of his poor student digs. The "best fencer in Prague," as the original script noted, could not just be a title, - that is no longer satisfactory today - I had to show him to be a real fencer who could easily swing a sabre, like other fencers. Idolized by his

fellow students, he knew instinctively how not to misuse his weapon, how to conquer the heart of the audience. I gave such prominent place to the fencing duels for that reason alone. The dynamism of these scenes, their rhythmic movement, was of course pleasing to me, and only secondarily did I want to demonstrate that we could present such scenes just as well as Douglas Fairbanks. Conrad Veidt had to fence and he did fence.

The character of Scapinelli also could not appear demonic in name only. The pictorial necessity of a demonic gesture had to be created for Werner Krauss's genius. So I had the idea to have him take control of the par force hunting (hunting with hounds), in order to show that the meeting of the Countess Margit and the student Balduin was no accident. No, nature, represented by the dogs and horses, even the hunting party had to be subjected to the will of Scapinelli who guided fate. – The student Balduin sells his mirror image, and it seemed to me that the Doppelgänger was not sufficiently exploited in the original manuscript. The audience had to "see" more frequently that Balduin's mirror image was missing, before it appears finally incarnate in front of us as "the other." Already in the script I knew I had to emphasize mirror images by way of mirror tricks. It is not easy in film to show something that is not there. – In order to visually demonstrate in cinema that a wall is empty, one has to hammer a nail into the wall and then remove it; only then is the feeling of emptiness communicated. – The same was true here. One had to show a mirror image first, so as to demonstrate that Balduin is the only one among many who lacks such a trifle, something so unimportant as one's one mirror image. The special effect could not be self-serving, appearing as the cameraman and director's vaudeville show; the tricks had to seem to be a matter of course, organically self-generated.

I consistently created an atmosphere of artistic freedom for all the performers; this knowledge seems to me to be most desirable for a film director. Only when the personal achievement of an actor seems to break apart the frame of the whole did I apply the brakes, soften the edges to maintain the unity of the whole work … However, I'm convinced that

some viewers who attended screenings of THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE will still recognize here and there my individual intentions and aspirations, despite all attempts to avoid a self-serving "I." This is simultaneously my greatest satisfaction and diminished joy.

Hopefully, I will soon be able to continue my path with a new film, and thus prove that my strategy was correct.

Der Film, No. 30, 15 November 1926

STROLLING AROUND A FILM

by

Felix Panten

Dedicating a day to a film, means entering the huge film studios at Johannisthal in the early morning, when the cold radiance of a sunny Winter's dawn travels the speed of light, armed with a healthy skepticism, in the face of a phenomena coming into being and threatening to derail at the same time, – one leaves in the evening, when a red sunset colors a pale sky purple, still awestruck by the magic of this strange world, its inseparable mixture of false and real, the indescribable waste of time occurring here, the endless repetition, carried out silently with determined alacrity. Because, which director, actor, cameraman, set designer is so noble as to expose themselves to the judgment of a whole people regarding their deficient achievement? Which scene is done so well that it can't be improved? So what is in the nature of a film studio? The attempt, the unbelievably arduous attempt to repeat the "shot" again, and again and again, always again; it begins in the biting brightness of an unreal light, the silent grappling of two human beings, again and again, "cut!" Not good enough, waiting again and again, rehearsing again and again. When later the film is screened one can say it has pacing, and that pacing conforms to the speed of the times, for those who have no time. But what does time mean when taking a shot? Three hours of rehearsal for three seconds of film! Film takes, again and again!

They are producing the film ALRAUNE, based on the novel by Hanns Heinz Ewers. The whole drama has been tailored to Paul Wegener, the character of Professor ten Brinken in the script, and Brigitte Helm, the

star of METROPOLIS; he's happy, because he can escape the production for a whole day. He shakes hands and departs the circus. No one, other than the scriptwriter knows how a circus was inserted into ALRAUNE. But there it is, the circus with all the scraggy romantic realism of the road, constructed, then disassembled and laid out in its constituent parts; the enormous silhouette of the tent reaches up to just under the overhead lights, the wagons of circus people are present, real and true circus wagons, their integrity guaranteed by the Circus Schneider that rented them. Oh, what mixture of real and false! Circus Schneider also lent the circus personnel who are as real as circus people can be, but today they wear make-up: also every corner is stuffed with acrobatic paraphernalia and vaudeville sets that are as real as can be, but the set designer Reimann (the one who also created the famous CALIGARI sets) has placed them in such a way that they become symbols of travelling people. Look at the trick acrobat who carries with him all that is typical of his profession: he's been hired from central casting. They all stand around and squat, idly smoking indifferently, the circus musicians, the bare-back riders, the girls in cheap tutus, the stable master, the animal trainer, circus people. They wait. We wait. Everyone in this house is waiting endlessly to shoot the scene.

"Waiting, waiting," greets the director Henrik Galeen. He is standing calmly and broadly among his circus people. Look, the fantastic bright yellow circus outfit: Brigitte Helm the heroine of the day leaning placidly against a lions' cage, as it is being set up in the ring. Lions, too? Yes. Brigitte-Alraune will enter the lion cage today, with the beasts. That's what the film requires. She isn't afraid, she smiles. The group is bathed in the greenish light of the arc lamps, their faces appear sallow and haggard.

How long does it take to set up a cage in the ring? Five minutes. How long here? Hours and hours. Film studios characteristically waste time.

"Take one!" The lions are driven in, they are to form a group, are to stay in motion, in repose, in majesty. In and out with the beasts, in and out!

They don't want to move, they're boring when they are supposed to be threatening, they sit when they are supposed to be ready to pounce – in and out. Take after take. They are getting angry and begin to growl. It is not in their nature to acquiesce to the wishes of the film director, they blink in the blinding spotlights, they threateningly raise their paws. They still haven't learned anything, it's so frustrating, because the noon hour is upon us, time is running away and they should have gotten it by now. They were in Rome for the production of QUO VADIS and over there is the infamous lion Tullia who mauled a woman back then.

Brigitte Helm will go into the cage, will step in front of the lions, and a lion tamer will pull her back out. Cracking his whip to keep the lions in line. Wow, this single gesture of pulling back, three steps which Brigitte Helm takes inside the lion cage! Out with the beasts! This gesture, those three steps – how often they were rehearsed, how often Galeen demonstrates, how often they were done incorrectly, how often the lamps blow out during a take, how often the director blows his whistle, how often one hears his cry, "Cut!? Hours and hours, take after take.

And now - we are all a bit fearful in the pit of our stomachs – the scene is finally played. In with the beasts, in with Brigitte! Once, and because the lions are well behaved, once more. And then again and then the retreats, again and again, this one gesture, these steps, the entrance, the opening of the cage door. "Cut!"

The day's climax has passed. When we leave the studio, the red sun colors the pale snowy sky purple. I can leave, begin this and that, but those in the circus world, who are not real, they remain captured until deep into the night. The scene will come, where Brigitte plays with a lion cub, certainly a cute and appealing episode which Brigitte has been anticipating all day with joy. But how will it go? Again, and again and always again a new, and Galeen will repeatedly find that it is not beautiful enough. And just as annual rings grow around the core of a tree, the endless rehearsals and takes enclose the core of every little film scene, until exhaustion and

dedication, sullenness and a last ditch effort create five meters of film, which the director approves. They are still rehearsing out in Johannisthal, in Staaken, in Neubabelsberg, always different directors, different actors, different extras, and there is something frightening about the thought, the way they stand around and wait and repeat, the way they are obsessed by the success of this meter of film, their eternal, unceasing effort in take after take.

Iserlohner Kreisanzeiger und Zeitung, 13 December 1927

TRACING THE STEPS OF HENRIK GALEEN

by

Stefan Drössler

Although he participated in the production of a number of great, well-received silent films in the 1920s, little is known about the director, scriptwriter and actor Henrik Galeen. It takes a degree of effort to carry together the puzzle pieces of his biography and correct speculative information, based on untested assumptions and incorrect memories. Thanks to written documents in the Deutsches Exilarchiv 1933-1945 of the German National Library in Frankfurt/Main, the Deutsches Literaturarchiv in Marbach, and the Galeen Estate collection in the Filmmuseum Munich, we can now piece together a more complete picture.

Henrik Galeen was born on 7 January 1881 as Henryk Wiesenberg in Stryj near Lemberg in Galicia, then a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Probably already while attending high school he met Isidor Gesang, who was the same age and who founded an acting troop which spent Summer vacations touring the surrounding villages. The young amateur actors founded "the Society of Theater Lovers" and sometimes even substituted for indisposed actors at the Lemberg City Theatre. Wiesenberg uses the Polish stage name Henryk Mariewski. He then studies mechanical engineering in Vienna, but does not complete his studies. He meets the Swedish art student Elvira Benedikta Adler who he marries in 1907. Isidor Gesang, who is studying acting in Vienna, marries Elvira's younger sister Lisa in 1908. Wiesenberg und Gesang move to Berlin around 1908. Both take stage names under which they are known today: Henryk Wiesenberg

becomes Henrik Galeen, Isidor Gesang becomes John Gottowt. Gottowt interns with Max Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theater, Galeen acts on stage in Bern, St. Gallen and Stralsund, before he, too, lands as a supporting player in 1910 at the Deutsches Theater. Between 1911 and 1913, he is a regular cast member at the Neues Volkstheater in Berlin, under the Directorship of Adolf Edgar Licho.

The new medium of film attains social acceptability around 1913, emancipating itself from cheap fairground and nickelodeon entertainments, thus becoming a serious cultural event for middle-class audiences. A key film in this development is the "art film," THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE, which was written specifically for the screen and directed by the writer Hanns Heinz Ewers. Next to the well-known actor from the Deutsches Theater, Paul Wegener, John Gottowt plays his first film role as the uncanny usurer Scapinelli. As Ewers' secretary, Galeen gets his first look at film production. His ambitions reach higher. He wants to direct.

1. Josef Klein (Berliner Theater). 2. Josef Giampietro (Metropol-Theater). 3. Franz Schönemann (Lustspielhaus). 4. Robert Hartberg (Deutsches Theater). 5. Heinrich Galeen (Deutsches Theater). 6. Fechtmeister Schoene.

Berliner Bühnenkünstler beim Fechtunterricht.

(Phot. Theodor Dörpenbach.)

In 1914, he directs at the Deutsches Künstler-Theater the Ludwig Holberg comedy, "Jeppe of the Hill, or The Transformed Peasant " (1722), which he translates himself into German from Danish, and which becomes a huge success and is reprised by numerous other theatres. In the same year, he gets his first film credits as director and co-author with star Paul Wegener, and as actor in the role of a Jewish junk peddler in THE GOLEM, which doesn't open in Berlin until January 1915, due to the outbreak of World War I.

None of the principals attend the premiere of THE GOLEM. Galeen and Paul Wegener are drafted into Austrian and German Army, respectively; On 27 August 1914, Galeen is assigned to the Reserves as a trainer for supply troops in Lemberg. While Wegener is released after being wounded in 1915 and can continue his career, Galeen stays on duty, but apparently not at the front lines: In 1916 he is awarded the "Golden Cross with a Crown Ribbon for Bravery," while serving as a "Military Supply Officer of the Reserves" in the Supply Depot in Innsbruck, Austria. Galeen's wife Elvira moves with her two children, Ivar (born 1909 in St. Gallen) und Elvi (born 1913 in Berlin) to Tirol, in order to be closer to the father. Galeen returns to Berlin in 1919, in order to resume his interrupted career. He works as a scriptwriter and director, alternately for the producers Oskar Messter and Lupu Pick. He is *not* involved with THE GOLEM, HOW HE CAME INTO THE WORLD (1920). Paul Wegener credits himself as the sole author, although many plot elements from the first GOLEM are reprised and whole scenes and directorial touches are copied. Galeen masters various tasks: He writes original scripts and adapts literary sources, he plays with genre elements and works for silent star Henny Porten's film series, and for the action hero Harry Piel, to whom he is bound through years of friendship. The producer Albin Grau assigns Galeen in 1921 to develop a script from the novel *Dracula*, which circumvents Bram Stoker's copyright. Galeen writes WAXWORKS for set designer Paul Leni, a "painterly" portmanteau film, which includes horrific, threatening and comedic elements. Galeen, however, wants to resume his career as film director. He co-writes with

his brother-in-law John Gottowt the comedy DER VERBOTENE WEG. EIN DRAMA MIT GLÜCKLICHEM AUSGANG/The Forbidden Path (1920) for Lupu Pick, which he also directs and Gottowt plays the lead. A year later both found "The Jewish Artists Theater Co." in Berlin and become managing directors of the company. In Winter 1921/22 they invite a Jewish Theater troupe from Vilna to Berlin, where they perform plays in Yiddish and achieve a major success. Galeen's third directorial effort, JUDITH TRACHTENBERG. THE TRAGEDY OF A JEWESS (1920) is scripted by Franz Schulz and based on a novel by the Galician writer Karl Emil Franzos. A virtually complete print survives today, imbedded in the Yiddish language sound film, A DAUGHTER OF HER PEOPLE (1933).

In 1921, Galeen begins an association with the studio major, UFA, which hires him to direct and co-write with Hans Janowitz an adaptation of Georg Froeschel's novel ROSWOLSKY'S MISTRESS. Due to Galeen's sudden illness, the production company assigns the studio hack Felix Basch to direct, shortly before production begins. Galeen sues, claiming that "the script and the film can only be unified, if the director who produces the film and the author who wrote film are identical, or at least work very closely together." The court reaches a verdict that doesn't create precedent for the film industry or the status of film artists for hire, but rather adjudicates a settlement. One can only speculate to what degree the case strained the relationship between UFA and Galeen. The fact is, none of his subsequent films were ever produced by the UFA. Paul Apel's slapstick comedy "Love," which premieres at the Tribune Theatre in Berlin on 24 March 1922, is Galeen's last directed play. He still plays leading roles as an actor in Gerhard Lamprecht's film, DAS HAUS OHNE LACHEN/ House without Laughter (1923) and in Harry Piel's DANGEROUS PATHS (1924).

Galeen's fourth directorial effort, STADT IN SICHT /City in View (1923) is the third to survive, after THE GOLEM (1915) and JUDITH TRACHTENBERG (1920). The moody drama on a river barge features pictorial images, atmosphere and convincing performances. The film thus

opens a film series about barge sailors which will continue with Jean Vigo's L'ATALANTE (1934) and Helmut Käutner's UNTER DEN BRÜCKEN / Under The Bridges (1946). Galeen's next work as writer and director is the marital drama, THE LOVE LETTERS OF BARONESS VON S. (1924), which is produced for Joe May's production company. Galeen confirms his position as a solid director who can animate stars to great achievements: "Galeen maintains a respectable height as director, creates exciting contrasts, offers enchanting landscape shots, without getting lost in technical tricks." (Licht-Bild-Bühne) For the remake of Hanns Heinz Ewers' classic, THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE (1913), which is marketed with great fanfare, Galeen manages to bring together Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauß from THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, who are more convincing than Paul Wegener and John Gottowt had been in the original. The expansion of the student scenes don't appear contrived, the inclusion of natural landscapes delivers bewitching motifs, while expressionist shadow plays never become self-serving, but rather remain subservient to the story. Critics speculated that "Henrik Galeen has created a work of art, which may be decisive for his directorial career." The Capitol Cinema in Berlin which premiered the film was sold out for weeks, the film was then sold abroad and was even screened in American cinemas.

The success of THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE probably induced the Ama-Film Co. to entrust Henrik Galeen with the filmic adaptation of Hanns Heinz Ewers' bestselling novel, *Alraune,* although Mario Bonnard (Director) und Alexander Alexander (script) had been announced for the project. Galeen succeeds in circumventing the trashy elements of the original novel and produces a polished, popular social drama, to which he – in contrast to the novel – attaches an extremely implausible happy end. The production budget is twice that of THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE, visible in luxurious studio sets. Through her role as the artificially created vamp, Brigitte Helm, the Maria from METROPOLIS, becomes a star in ALRAUNE. The film only passes the censors after cuts to the opening scene ("The scene in front of the whore house qualifies as morally offensive due to the dancer and her erotic movements, and the trollops watching

from the windows." / The visualization of a man condemned to death, facing the gallows constructed for him in mortal fear, appears insensitive.") and to the central scene of seduction ("The motive for Alraune's actions is in fact unbridled revenge for the humiliation she has experienced. Nevertheless, the uninhibited sensuality with which she attempts to seduce ten Brinken incites through close-ups of lust and piercing sensuality the viewers' carnality, and thus comes across as immoral."). The film is also heavily censored in other countries, but still experiences broad international distribution.

Henrik Galeen takes his next steps: He leaves Germany, in order to produce three German-English films for Tschechowa-Film in London, all based on literary adaptations. According to his own statements, he also receives an offer from Hollywood, which he turns down because they offered him too little money. His daughter remembers that when she visited him in London, he had her picked up with a Rolls-Royce.

However, Galeen's first international film with Olga Chechova, AFTER THE VERDICT / DIE SIEGERIN, based on a script by Alfred Hitchcock's wife, Alma Reville, flops. Galeen's dignified film style appears boring and can't save the long-winded crime story. The film loses one third of its length for an American sound film version, irrevocably ruining it. Further Tschechowa-Film productions eschew Galeen's participation. Instead, Galeen prepares his first sound film for British-Sound-Productions, an adaptation of John Gay's "Beggar's Opera," which however is repeatedly delayed and finally remains unrealized. Galeen is only credited as a Supervisor for two short British sound films.

Galeen returns to Germany in 1931, but here all his projects disintegrate: A planned film by the "Dacho", the umbrella organization of film artists, a union of all professions involved in film production, MORGEN – ACHT UHR FRACK / Tomorrow's 8 O'clock Tuxedo, about two unemployed actors, fails to materialize, as does a sound film version of the Golem story for producer, Conti-Film, DAS STEINERNE PHANTOM / The Stone Phantom: They had even announced its star cast: Paul Wegener, Camilla Horn and Oskar Karlweis. Henrik Galeen had signed a contract for script and direction with Conti-Film on 27 January 1933; three days later, Hitler takes power and the project is buried. Galeen's sound film debut, SALON DORA GREEN (1933) is merely work for hire. It is only moderately successful and remains his last film.

He retreats to his villa in Nedlitz, southwest of Berlin, where he has been living with his son, since separating from his wife Elvira in the mid 1920s. He is worried about political developments and writes in a letter on 9 March 1933:
"One doesn't want to know anything about all this, but the fog keeps creeping into one's own rooms, doesn't it? There are nevertheless moments of light. One realizes that only a few people have not been gripped by this psychosis, but also knows it is a psychosis. Friendships have again proven themselves and their right to exist. Wretched times become romantic."

In correspondence with Elisabeth Borodin, a young actress to whom he gives paternal advice, we can read how he is handling the situation: "Today I know that the assimilators, who have determined our direction, have in reality forsaken the Jews, without integrating into the other milieu. They were always strangers, standing between the two communities. Their gestures, their language were always false in both directions, they were half-breeds without ever having interbred. They were wicked hybrids. But there were and are also those, who never reflected, but rather just felt the pull to the other side. And those are the only ones who have lost, are losing, will lose more than just material possibilities."

Friends advise Galeen to emigrate, but he doesn't want to, like John Gottowt who has gone to Poland. His son gets married in 1934 in Göteborg, Sweden, to Ebba Helfried Lindquist, who arranges for Henrik Galeen to get a Swedish "Främlingspass" (Foreigner's Passport) in 1937, allowing him to move in with his son's family. Ivar relocates to New York on 8 March 1940, in order to purchase a house for his family, accompanied by his father. The passenger list of the "S.S. Bergensfjord" lists Galeen's profession as "stage manager," his nationality as "Polish," his length of stay as "six months," and his American address as that of the emigrated director, Joe May, in Hollywood. He writes to the German émigré journalist Kurt Pinthus in June 1940 from Hollywood: "I don't have any friends here yet and will probably not find any, as long as I can't establish my comeback (…) My Treatment is still being translated, corrected, abridged. I'm immediately starting a new project, without waiting to see whether the first succeeds or not. One doesn't get ahead here otherwise." However, all efforts fail. In 1942 he renews his Swedish passport one last time and applies for American citizenship. He lives with his son Ivar and his daughter-in-law, who both work for American intelligence. Of the scripts he worked on, only a treatment for an anti-Nazi Golem story survives, which he had written with fellow émigré, Paul Falkenberg. He spent the last years of his life shuttling between New York and Rochester. He suffers from cancer, is operated on, undergoes rehab, because he is addicted to pain killers and drugs. In 1948, he divorces his wife Elvira,

receives his American citizenship papers and marries the Baroness Ilse von Schenk, who operates a Christmas jewelry and puppet factory in New York. However, his health is in decline. On 2 June 1949 he gets pneumonia, is admitted to hospital on 27 June, and dies on 31 July. In a last surviving letter to the émigré actress Elfriede Borodin (7 November 1945), Galeen speaks of his hope of returning to Europe. He wants to search for his relatives in Poland and prays they have survived the Holocaust. However, all of his efforts before his own death fail, none of his relatives have survived the Shoah, and even his brother-in-law, John Gottowt, who had gone underground in Wieliczka, Poland is discovered in 1942 by a German patrol and shot.

Script and Direction: *Der Golem* (1915) / *Der verbotene Weg* (1920) / *Land in Sicht* (1923) / *Die Liebesbriefe der Baronin von S.* (1924) / *Der Student von Prag* (1926) / *Alraune* (1927)

Script: *Die rollende Kugel* (1919) / *Die beiden Gatten der Frau Ruth* (1919) */ Die Geliebte Roswolskys* (1921) / *Nosferatu* (1921) / *Das Wachsfigurenkabinett* (1924) / *Auf gefährlichen Spuren* (1924) / *Zigano, der Brigant vom Monte Diavolo* (1925) / *Das Fräulein vom Amt* (1925) / *Achtung Harry! Augen auf!* (1926) / *Sein größter Bluff* (1927) / *Die Dame mit der Maske* (1928) / *Schatten der Unterwelt* (1931)

Director: *Judith Trachtenberg* (1920) / *After the Verdict* (1928) / *Salon Dora Green* (1933)

Actor: *Der Golem* (1915) / *Das Haus ohne Lachen* (1923) / *Auf gefährlichen Spuren* (1924)

HANNS HEINZ EWERS: THE VAMPIRE IN A VÖLKISCH PROSTITUTE'S BED

by

Michael Farin

In 1944, the Nazi publication *Bücherkunde* welcomed the opportunity to settle scores with a one-time fellow traveler. It writes of *Die schönsten Hände der Welt*, an anthology of Ewers' prose, released posthumously: "Herr Ewers is dead, the odor of his corpse and his work forces us to an embarrassing cleaning." The Nazis had actually never liked him. Even though he really tried hard, e.g. by creating a monument to the "Black Reichswehr" and the radical right-wing Freikorps with his novel, *Reiter in deutscher Nacht* (Verlag Cotta, 1932); he had also stylized Horst Wessel in the eponymous novel to a martyr of the movement. On 3 November 1931, Ewers 60th birthday, he was registered as a Nazi Party member (No. 659.057) in the Brown House in Munich by the *Führer* himself, and in general put himself on the front lines for Nationalism. The Left therefore declared him the "Royal Poet of the Third Reich," and "the Vampire in the Völkisch Prostitute's Bed (or more graphically, "Fuck Nest") (Walter Mehring). Bertolt Brecht wrote: "The pornographer (Ewers) and the propaganda doctor (Goebbels), the specialist for uncovering and the specialist for covering up, put their heads together and agreed on the idealistic reasons why the right-wing student (Wessel) moved into the Große Frankfurter Straße to pimp for prostitutes." Ewers must have seen it the same way because while the real Horst Wessel was hardly saintly, his hero was, Ewers had said. He writes to his American wife after completing

the novel: “I’m feeling so down now, that I’m sure that even holy Jesus couldn’t press another lie out of me!“

He is not thanked for the effort: They call him “the king of perversion,” “the pre-war dirty old man,” ‘the decadent gutter man of letters,” ”a rotting man,” and “a patriotic gun-pornographer.” “The deeds and deaths of a limitless sacrificing youth are too sacred to be co-opted by dirty fantasies for a social and literary career enhancement.” “The Horst Wessel book fails to communicate even a whiff of the true lives of the stormy, proletarian S.A., yet illustrates with great proficiency the Berlin underworld, its homosexual dives, its whores and pimp quarters, leading to the awkward assumption that Ewers’ Nationalism and his books are only another form of literary perversion which are ripe for psychiatry, rather than political and social criticism.” (Friedrich Wilhelm Heinz)

One would have actually loved to have put the “Alraune in a brown shirt” in a straightjacket. Publication bans and the addition of his books to trash and smut lists was only the first step. A serious blow is the banning of HANS WESTMAR (1933), his own film adaptation of his Horst Wessel novel. His name supposedly stood on the death lists during the Ernst Röhm-Putsch. However, he was able to save himself again, due to good connections.

Nevertheless, he spends his remaining years pleasantly. He lives from his fortune, finds a new bride in Rita Grabowski, and helps, when he is asked, gives money, procures papers, facilitates the flight of one or another. He hardly writes anymore, only some satires, resigned, without illusion. He dies on 12 June 1943 at 10:15 AM in his Berlin apartment. The same day, a bombing raid obliterates Ewers’ birthplace in Düsseldorf. His last words (to his secretary Jenny Guhl) apparently are: “My little Jenny, what an ass I was!”

He had hoped for so much more, even toyed with the idea of a Noble Prize:

> "Frank Ewers was startled, a hand falling softly on his sensitive shoulder. It was Lulu Muller, the biggest prostitute on all five continents. Frank Ewers didn't turn around, looking instead inwards with eyes shut, her green gaze penetrating through the roof of his skull, down through to his groin, crawled around his brain and sucked up everything his soul felt in that moment, crawled through his crotch and fed on the apprehensions in his diaphragm."

Hans Reimann spoofed him bravely and knowledgeably: *EWERS. A guaranteed depraved trashy novel in rags, tatters, widgets and panties by Hanns Heinz Vampire. CCXIXCVIIIIX Edition*. Dr. Peregrin Steinhövel alias Franz Blei doesn't spare him either in his *Bestiarium Literaricum*:

> "The Ewers. A small, harmless dog breed, which a witty nature has given a peritoneum that non-specialists might mistake for a leopard skin. As one knows, every Berlin whore wishes for an Ewers on her thirteenth birthday, in order to parade it on a leash down the Tauentzienstraße; it can be acquired quite close by because the Department Store of the West always has a large inventory. Need one say more?"

One should never underestimate writers and tarts. This, one should at least note first. One knows them well:

People who sell themselves,
Who run through alleyways screaming:
Buy my thighs, buy my blood streaming!
And the deal done with brain farts:
Writers and tarts.
Satan created us. That when we booze
Self-disgust makes our lunch us lose!
Created us in shame, condemned to roam -
But for the great delight of others alone.
Buy us! Love us! Those who themselves loathe.
We are in your everyday back road
Red lanterns, beckoning light arcs -
Writers and tarts.

Ewers knew how to perform, was enterprising, was able to sell himself like almost no one else in his time – contrary to his "true nature," if one believes him: "I was considered (and was!) a wild ruffian – even if it was a pure mask – I was completely soft inside! – Men didn't see it – Women felt it instinctively." "How happy I was when I could make people believe I

was cold, raw and cynical; I kept thinking that becomes me! But it was all a pitiful lie."

Born on 3 November 1871 in Düsseldorf, raised by a mother, grandmother and great grandmother – his father was seldom home and died in 1885 – Ewers longed his whole life for a strong father figure. "I miss a strong, noble man who my whole soul could connect with…," one who would help him discover his masculine identity. He extracts himself from military service, he completes his law studies as well as his PhD. by the skin of his teeth (he's denied entrance into public service), his membership in the finest Berliner student fraternity "Normannia" earns him, besides his own highly treasured drinking prowess, only ugly fencing scars on his cheeks; the bohemian life has its own laws.

"What is right, what is injustice? Stupid, silly notions! One takes the path one must take – and in the final analysis there is not much difference between a random plant and a human being." Ewers remains true to the insights of his early years. Supported by his mother, to whom his first publication in 1898 is addressed, with Max Stirner in his brain – a post-Hegelian forerunner of nihilism and individualist anarchism - and various free thinkers at his side he considers friends, Erich Mühsam, John Henry Mackay, Adolf Brand, etc., he will never acquire a taste for moral straightjackets.

He is published in *Der arme Teufel*, an German language anarchist rag out of Detroit, in *Der Kunstfreund* and in the queer journal *Der Eigene*; he also causes a scandal there: "How I love these little breasts/I call one Lottchen, the other Lieschen,/ I kiss Lottchen, kiss Lieschen,/ they shudder under my tongue!" The royal Prussian State Court in Berlin considers the poem "Of the Golden Katie," which included these lines to be a *corpus delicti,* "which in reference to sexuality brutally violates any sense of shame in the normal reader." Ewers is condemned to a financial penalty; it will not be the only court case brought against him.

His next stop is Ernst von Wolzogen's Cabaret, "Ueberbrettl," also known as "Buntes Theater," which brings together one-acts, ballads, poems, musical pieces and provocations in quick succession. Ewers organizes, recites and writes. A poem makes him the talk of the town, three lines being: "In a carp's pond/ once swam a bluish pale/ slimy, soft corpse…" The poem "The Fräulein and the Round Worm" also carries a punch. However, Ewers refused to publish the poem, but here is the beginning: "A young round worm lived happily/ in a Fräulein's magnificent ass …"

In 1901, an equally "unmentionable" body part of a story's dung beetle becomes his first great commercial success. His book of fairy tales is reprinted four times in the first year alone, making him famous. It pleases him to stand at the nexus between popular taste, press critiques, and Prussian censorship. His acute business sense, his creative ideas, and his good connections to contemporary artists also allow his diverse cabaret tours to be successful. It will afford him a steady income for many years.

Affairs are not uncommon. He also likes to drink a lot and often, experiments with drugs; opium, mescaline, peyote, etc. accompany him throughout his life. He writes about it in *Die blauen Indianer/ The Blue Indians*, *Rausch und Kunst/Intoxication and Art* and *Tötende Träume/Dreams that Kill*. He parleys his travels with his first wife, Ilna Wunderwald, into publications, like *Mit meinen Augen… Fahrten durch die lateinische Welt/With Mine Own Eyes… Travels Through the Latin World* (1909). He also muses about social questions, e.g. his favorite topic, a "Jewish-German Cultural Nation." He thinks "the closest possible assimilation of these two races is desirable, for Germans, as well as for Jews. The only race I consider equal to my own is that of the Jewish race." By the way, he holds this belief, even during the Nazi period.

However, in regards to "Negroes," Ewers is a racist. "The black race has forever been inferior in every way to the white race, and has utilized them, the same way humans make use of other animals, like horses and donkeys…." Participation in a voodoo ceremony in 1906, during which

supposedly a child, a "goat without horns," is sacrificed, i.e. killed, then roasted and eaten, is given as the trigger for an illness, but even if this were true it excuses nothing: since then and until the end of his life Ewers suffers from a terrible eczema on his hands. The daughter of an ambassador remembers a meeting in 1933: "When he took my hand and kissed it, I shuddered in revulsion. His hands were covered with dandruff, with dried-up, red scabs, rough and disgusting."

"Hanns Heinz Ewers is a man of shrill dissonance, an esthete of the unaesthetic. Life is decay, love death. He searches out all that is large, godly, eternal, and finds which dark drives have turned to deepest earthly shit." Not all are as sympathetic as the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Ewers, however, doesn't let himself be lead astray. He travels and travels, mostly at the expense of the shipping companies mentioned in his texts, gives lectures, preferably about "Satan's religion," and dives into the depths of the human soul, not only in his first and most important novel, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* (1909[1]), Part I of the Frank Braun Trilogy.

The subject is based on a true story, a case of religious insanity. Margarethe Peter, the leader of a Swiss sect, had in 1823 brutally killed her sister in an exorcism of the devil and then had herself crucified, through her breasts, specifically at her own request. Also, her final request was granted, namely "Smash my head in!" The adaption by Ewers receives a lot of positive attention:

> "If others are so proud of the heavenly within us, then Ewers lifts with brutal gestures the curtains covering our hidden most ugliness and Satanism, and demonstrates that humans can achieve levels of wickedness, shining in all colors; that we are incredibly rich in fear-spawning abysses and poisonous swamps, and that an evil thought is more deadly and depraved than the Plague; that a thought can depopulate whole land masses, just like a pestilence."

The execution of Damien, one of the most terrible applications of the law ever, but also Satanism, necrophilia etc. -- Hanns Heinz Ewers knows

how to exploit these themes with nuances. The second novel in the trilogy, *Alraune* (1911), relates the creation of an artificial human being, who develops a life of her own and brings doom to the world. "You can't deny," quotes the novel's epilogue, "that there are beings – not animals – strange beings, whose absurd thoughts emerge from depraved lust." "The artificially created child from the semen of a murderer and the womb of a whore," Alraune, becomes his greatest success, with about a million copies sold to date.

Frank Baum falls prey to a terrible illness in the third installment of the trilogy, suffering from blood lust. The novel's title: *Vampyr* (1920). His lover, the Jewess Lotte Lewi, is the first to realize it and sacrifices herself for him. But Frank Braun believes "all of Europe will fall prey to this illness and a good part of the rest of the world." With this novel Ewers finds an image for the total destruction of war. That the victim is a Jewish woman is also no coincidence.

Actually, no Ewers book exists without death. The 1913 film, THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE, in which Ewers employs the *Doppelganger* motif (Paul Wegener) with virtuosity, ends with murder, which is really a suicide. One of the most read and most often translated authors of the World War I period, everything he does succeeds. He gets a foothold in the film industry, as elsewhere. He is a jack-of-all-trades, an all-around expert. He writes the first German musical, a multi-media spectacle in the circus which is immediately a hit, and while in America during the First World War he produces with his left hand a bestseller for German-Americans: *Deutsche Kriegslieder* (1914). In the USA he also is active not only as a propagandist for the German Reich, but also as a spy. Contacts he makes there, both political and private (he meets his second wife) will become useful later when he turns to the Nazi Party, and save him from "the Night of the Long Knives." But first he is interned for a year. Illness prevents a longer incarceration.

In 1921 he is again lecturing in Germany: "Ewers stands at the lectern, slim, with a narrow waist, in an unbelievably elegant tuxedo, white vest with black buttons, blonde hair combed back stringently, all in the style of English fashion magazines, playing with his monocle." The "industrious literary content merchant" is trying to reproduce his pre-World War I successes. He is hoping for support from those around Hitler. He feels like they do about Hitler, the search for a strong male role model seems over: "This man was like me, a poet, an artist, a dreamer, - a German."

He also participates at least indirectly in the Munich Beer Hall Putsch, finds sympathy for his homosexuality in certain quarters of the S.A. (Storm Troopers), and is able, according to his own statements, to stabilize repeatedly his largely feminine psyche with masculine masks. These masks have become his second nature. So, he often feels a deep satisfaction, because he has created them all, as Ewers' alter ego Frank Baum states:

> "He was a good director and wanted his play to create furor in the fool's theatre of world history. His own head was an excellent prop room, containing all the mummified treasures of history, nicely catalogued according to nations and centuries. The roles had been cast, he'd wear his dolls, colorfully bright and wild, would play at mardi gras, such as the world had never seen. /…/ He was now the great ruler over the world's madness, knew everything, had all the cleverness that his times gave him, knew well this hazy world from one end to the other. He alone could exploit his unlimited resources. Yes, the world was beautiful and the greatest charlatan its king."

Süddeutsche Zeitung, 12./13 June 1993

Opposite: Original artwork courtesy of Dave McKean

THE CINEMA AND ME

by

Hanns Heinz Ewers

I have advocated for the cinema so often in word and image that both friends and enemies have countered: Why don't you create a template! What good is it, so the lovers of cinema opined, if you continually fantasize about film's great possibilities, but we don't see these surprising prospects? And the Herr Schoolmasters among the press and in the audience, who always know better, and always see a bad annoyance in everything new, who scream: "Fool! Snake! Charlatan! Cineaste! Ci-ne-aste!! That is today the schoolmaster's worst insult: much more contemptuous than scoundrel and scallywag! Right behind motherfucker! Cineaste, they scream, Gabber! Phrasemonger, show us what you can do!

Really, I should do them the favor, one, as well as the other. So I decided from one day to the next, to write a film script and stage it.

In fact, it was much, much, much more difficult than I thought. All those questions which I easily solved at my desk, became Gordian knots in front of the camera. Today, I know for certain that it is equally difficult and takes as much exact artistry to write a good film script, as it does to write a poem, a novel or a drama. I also know that the director, who really wants to infuse film with art, has to know more rather than less than the director of a stage play. – But it was exactly that which appealed to me: the possibility finally, finally to dispense with "the word," this "word" which had previously been a poet's everything, and without which nothing seemed possible. The "word" --- which nevertheless was for all the deepest emotions never more than a vague and never completely exploited surrogate! If it is true that the eye, that the smallest gesture of the hand can say the same or even more that the most elegant poet's phrase, then the

possibility exists, to let the soul speak even without words. Rouff Sévérin, Wagne taught me this truism – and: Doesn't an everyday gaze tell me more than the word?

So I risked it. I wrote a piece for the cinema: THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE. I wrote it for Paul Wegener, working with him for long months in Prague and here in Berlin. For me it was a touchstone, to prove to me that cinema could be a great and beautiful art, just like the stage. The Deutsche Bioscope Company believed in me, provided everything that I wanted and needed, without once asking how much it cost. And for me – only those who know me, know what it cost me to spend a Summer in Berlin. And they also know that I would have never completed the task, if I had not had the great certainty that my work would succeed. I wanted to prove that good art is also possible in the cinema, even without resorting to words – may some rascal chastise me, if I don't keep my promise.

Licht-Bild-Bühne, Nr. 23, 7 June 1913

The essays above translated from the German by Jan-Christopher Horak, 2025.

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7
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Original artwork courtesy of Dave McKean

EXCEPTIONAL PHOTOPLAYS

THE MAN WHO CHEATED LIFE

THE MAN WHO CHEATED LIFE is known abroad as THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE. The, to our mind, not altogether successful change of title is based on the assumption that the only Continental university of which American movie fans have ever heard is Heidelberg to which they immediately associate a handsome prince, lots of beer, and a drippingly sentimental love story. We are dealing with a different theme here. The student of this picture, who happened to study at Prague, did not really succeed in cheating life's responsibilities — as who of us has? But he met the Devil, who offered to do him a favor. And when a man meets the Devil there is always a story to tell.

The story as told by Mr. Hanns Heinz Ewers is, however, of mixed origin. Based in part upon the folk version of the Faust legend, it also leans upon a certain not so well known story by Edgar Allan Poe called "Mr. William Wilson". Poe describes Wilson relentlessly followed by a living counterpart who haunts him like a shadow, warning and exposing him at every turn until at last Wilson kills him only to find that he has slain himself. Poe's tale is a model of artistic conciseness, avoiding any third agent to supply motive, and proceeding with true psychological inwardness to show that in the process of moral self-destruction we are ourselves the devils of our destiny.

Mr. Ewers, proceeding as a borrower rather than a creator, conventionally projects the devil in us into outward form by using a familiar figure of the vulgate form of the Faust legend, a rather oddly comic little man in outmoded attire and a touch of the mountebank about him. Thus Count "Scapinelli" appears to Baldwin, the student of our picture, and offers to help him out of his financial stringency with all the function of a usurer. To be sure there is the little formality of signing a queerish contract involving Baldwin's soul, upon which Scapinelli lays much stress. Baldwin

signs with deprecating hilarity but is taken aback sharply when Scapinelli removes his reflection from the mirror and makes off with it. Henceforth Baldwin walks without a shadow though he walks in golden luxury.

And now the picture gathers momentum and terror. Baldwin, wooing the rich Countess Marguerite, at first for her wealth and station but soon with a real, newly awakened love, is startled to find his embodied shadow appearing to him to block his path to her. The image becomes the emissary of the Devil and henceforth "Scapinelli" remains in the background. He is the "control", if we may borrow a term from the current spiritualistic magic of today, through which the Devil guides Baldwin to his destruction. Baldwin ignores the warning of his counterpart in his courtship of Marguerite, realizing that in his pure love for her lies his only hope of salvation. Here the influence of Goethe's "Faust" again asserts itself. But meanwhile Marguerite's accepted suitor, Baron Waldis, has grown more and more jealous and a challenge to a duel follows when Baldwin's former light-o'-love puts a love letter of Baldwin's into his hand.

Baldwin is the best swordsman in Prague. Marguerite's father begs him to spare the Baron's life by refusing to go on with the duel. Baldwin gives his word of honor and we see him hastening to the duelling grounds to refuse to fight even at the risk of being called a coward. As he runs through a clearing in the woods his image walks by him, wiping his sword on the grass. He has impersonated Baldwin and slain the Baron.

Baldwin stands dishonored. He plunges into dissipation. At the gaming table the Devil's luck is still with him and while he wins his friends' money he loses them. In the treadmill of pleasure his feet grow weary. Once more he seeks out Marguerite, a last refuge. When she accuses him of having treacherously slain Baron Waldis he leads her to a mirror and reveals his secret. She recoils in horror.

Baldwin at bay turns to battle with his malevolent image. But against its insubstantiality neither stick nor stone can prevail. Baldwin seeks refuge in flight, as one who would run away from himself. The image meets him at every turn. There is no escape for Baldwin, and when he shoots the image the bullet pierces his own breast.

THE MAN WHO CHEATED LIFE has the advantage of expert casting and the authentic background of the historic city of Prague. Another notable asset is the fine photography for which Will Hameister of CALIGARI fame is responsible. [*correction: the DOP was Günther Krampf*] This is particularly true of the interiors in Marguerite's manor where the photography is soft and luminous, harmonizing beatifully with the old-fashioned charm of a clavicord recital and a formal minuet.

The ladies of the cast would be more than appealing in any American film and are doubly so in a German picture. The rather obvious beauty of Eliza La Porta who acts the part of Baldwin's former light-o'-love provides a subtle contrast to the more aristocratic lineaments of Agnes Esterhazy in the part of the Countess. Both women give effective, balanced portrayals accurately proportioned to their relative importance in the story. It is interesting to note that they never appear together in the same scene and merely register their respective effects upon Baldwin.

Werner Krauss plays the minor but extremely important part of the Devil. Oddly accoutered almost to the point of appearing comical in his approximation of mountebank he flashes occasional shafts of malignancy which clearly reveal his kinship with the prince of darkness. This remarkable actor in whatever picture he appears always manages to fit as organically into a story as a tree into a forest.

Conrad Veidt in the stellar part of Baldwin, the student, faces and overcomes the handicap of playing a dual role in frequent double exposures at a time when this is not so novel as it was eight years ago. To our mind it is his best performance in any picture of his shown in America. Certainly the final sequence of his vain flight from his ever pursuing image and the life and death climax before the shattered mirror is one of the finest achievements of screen pantomime and camera magic. Mr. Veidt lends a new note to his interpretation by conceiving the image as suffering in helpless sympathy with Baldwin's tragic plight. This greatly heightens the human appeal of the story. New to and indicative of Mr. Veidt's hitherto inadequately revealed mimetic range is his convincing portrayal of a lover in his scenes with Marguerite.

National Board of Film Review Magazine, 2/1929

Original artwork courtesy of Dave McKean

ERICH HELLMUND-WALDOW
ALRAUNE
(THE WOMAN OF DESTINY)

The story "Alraune" by Hanns Heinz Ewers when first published years ago, at once became a sensation.

Even though the theme is a rather risky experiment, in which the author deals with a more or less fantastic-scientific problem, it cannot be denied that H. H. Ewers has skilfully introduced his sinister characters into suitable surroundings. "Alraune" (Mandrake) concerning which an old legend states that this "humanlike plant" grows beneath gallows, is the subject H. H. Ewers used for his story, weaving it in with a scientific significance. It is the result of a scientific experiment which is found in the daughter of a hanged criminal and a prostitute – a human-being born to destroy those near to her.

Thus H. H. Ewers trod new literary paths, going where few were allowed.

Now the Ama-Film G.m.b.H. of Berlin has filmed the story, and to a certain extent succeeded with it. The director, Mr. Henrik Galeen however, is no Hanns Heinz Ewers of the screen, so that the play lacks the fantastic quality of the story. It is a play, however, which ranks above the average, and the credit for this is due to the youthful Brigitte Helm – Alraune – whom we remember also in METROPOLIS. In her acting she develops a talent akin to that of Ewers; she understood her part, and as far as possible gave the film new attraction, which covered up some of the faults the film had. The acting is not only artistic, it is also as realistic as can be possible in such a film.

One wonders again and again how it is possible that a girl so young as Brigitte Helm is able to play her part with such highly subtle artistry – the character of the leading part needing such spiritual and inner comprehension.

Just the opposite with Paul Wegener as Prof. ten Brinken. Wegener's slightly exaggerated, yet still appealing acting, attracts less attention – probably because the part of ten Brinken is more or less a fantastic one.

The other parts are played by Ivan Petrovitch, Wolfgang Zilzer, Mia Pankau and Heinrich Schroth, and they are in accord with the pervading atmosphere.

The photoplay Alraune could easily become a sensation were only its name: – BRIGITTE HELM!

Close Up, 3/1928

OSWELL BLAKESTONE
THE BANNED SEQUENCE IN ALRAUNE (THE WOMAN OF DESTINY)

Valeska Gert played the procuress in JOYLESS STREET, she was the caméristе in NANA, she has also appeared in WOOD LOVE, she danced for a few seconds in ALRAUNE. As far as I can discover that is a complete list. Therefore when ALRAUNE, chastely re-christened THE WOMAN OF DESTINY, was to be trade-shown at the Astoria, I said: "I will sit through this agony for the promise of the Gert." But in England the sequence with the Gert had been cut out!

Abroad I was given a chance to see ALRAUNE again; this time without the fear of our censors. I remembered all that had been written (modestly this is submitted rather than "what I thought") about THE procuress and THE caméristе; in consequence I was ready to brave again Paul Wegener and Herr Galeen's art director. And the Gert is on the screen for little more than fifty feet!

The back number of a French illustrated paper fallen on the worn plush of a sofa at a cheap barber; the cartoon smudged with the dirt of anxious fingers. The face of that cartoon, with the smudges, come to life! That is the nearest I can get to a description of the Gert's one close-up.
Her dance … Outside a brothel. Studio set which looks as innocently cardboard as a Christmas-card drawing. A [Negro] dancing to the girls, dressed in their professional attire and waiting for customers. The [Negro] is loose-limbed, he is made for movement; he gets his stuff across because of it.

There is a popular phrase, born of our inhibitions: "At least you can keep quiet about it." We feel that a friend has gone too far and that each of his boasts makes IT so much more unendurable; so we admonish: "At least you can, et cetera." The Gert's dance is the visual side. All that was in her

close-up is so much the worse for movement. She sets out to force people to say: "At least she might keep still about it." She gets her stuff across because of that.

I will walk miles to see a picture with the Gert any day of the week.

Close Up, 6/1929

HENRIK GALEEN: ALRAUNE & THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE

by

Walter Chaw

The more we dig into the early history of cinema, the more complex are the rabbit warrens we unearth, it's true, but the more we're also capable of sharpening a few of the finer points. It's generally agreed that WWI was the root of the first great reorganization of the major centers for film production and that while most industries declined in the post-war environment, America's and Germany's thrived. It's also commonly understood that America's geographical isolation (which made it an attractive landing place for refugees) and industrial power was as much of a factor for its gains in the market as its development of the "Classical" style which prioritized clarity in story and approach. In Germany, the Weimar Republic, armed with fewer resources and suffering through a period of uncertainty in the post-war period, took almost the exact opposite artistic tack. The Germans went symbolic. Unable to recreate reality, they trafficked in the *expression* of reality. With heavy support from Deutsche Bank, the first German democratic state arising in this brief period between World Wars I and II combined several existing studios and formed the Universum-Film Aktiengesellschaft (UFA) in order to concentrate film production along ideological lines, intended to combat foreign propaganda and present a coherent German artistic identity. Comparatively light on financial resources, they relied on suggestion and storylines that were as dark as their crises of identity. They spawned, in other words, German Expressionism.

But German Expressionism didn't arrive new to the world. Rather, it's the combination of several existing artistic, literary and theatrical elements including very prominently the female Gothic subgenre of the British Gothic tradition. The female Gothic allowed women their own unfettered sexual desires: to be sexually aggressive, to lust for the socially-unacceptable mate, to deal with their ambivalence towards oppressive patriarchal notions of feminine propriety. Often in the female Gothic, the heroine is on the run from demon fathers and in search of their lost mothers - the fathers demonic for their subjugation of their daughters up to the point of actually harboring, and even acting upon, incestuous feelings for them. Far from weak and flailing, the heroines of these pieces (by authors such as Mary Robinson, Ann Radcliffe and Charlotte Dacre) are often the prime movers of their own stories, animated not so much by literal spooks, but real life bogeys like rape (incestuous or otherwise), unwanted pregnancies/domestication, domestic abuse and institutionalization. Eroticism is mentioned often in regards to German Expressionism, but it's useful I think to understand how much of that eroticism derives from empowered women arousing the attention of castrated men eager to control them. Unlike the male Gothic hero, the female Gothic hero is afflicted mainly by the misfortune of being female in a male-dominated society.

I mention this because when we talk about the contribution of Henrik Galeen to German Expressionism, if we ever do, it's usually in regards to a now mostly-lost telling of *The Golem* (1915) that he wrote, directed and starred in - and to his script for Murnau's *Nosferatu* (1922) that can be best read as a story about female hysteria. The focus of Galeen's script for *The Golem* is on a young woman's lust. Jessica (Lysa Salmonova) who carries on an illicit affair with a forbidden lover (a count of a different kind) as her disapproving father locks her in her room, scolds her for her every expression of carnal curiosity, and forbids her contact with the outside world. When the father discovers a secret correspondence, he physically assaults her, compares her to her unfaithful mother, and instructs a monstrous clay golem to be the guardian of her chastity. That the father equates the daughter with her mother, a mate who has "also" cheated on him, raises the specter of incest. That the father is not beyond handling her physically also raises the possibility of rape, a coded threat echoed

later in the Golem's aggressively amorous response to Jessica's attempt to seduce it. In *Nosferatu,* Hutter's wife, Ellen, must be constantly reassured while her husband is away on business. Her husband is under the sway of a powerful member of foreign royalty who, on Hutter's first night away, sucks on Hutter's thumb by firelight. Orlock spies Ellen by accident, his attraction to her by definition carnal and that night, Ellen awakes as her doors blow open as she establishes a psychic connection with the vampire. If the creature is a metaphor for desire, she is being driven mad by having her husband abandon their nightly conjugal consummations so she replaces it with consumption of a different kind. Orlock is the physical manifestation of her sexuality that all of polite society recognizes as the seed to their destruction. The only way to vanquish the threat her sexuality represents is her death and so Ellen gives in to the shadow suckling at her breast.[1]

Galeen's key contribution to the history of film, then, is arguably his exploration of the female Gothic tradition through the overt stylistic trappings of German Expressionism. Find further evidence of this in his script for *Ruth's Two Husbands* (1919) in which a young "girl" adopted from a boarding house by an eligible gentleman turns out to be a sexually-forward woman of marriageable age who turns the household upside down with her romantic shenanigans; and then again in the often-astonishing *Alraune* (1928), which Galeen also directed, that is a thorough, and saucy, survey of the key themes of the female Gothic. In it, mad genetics professor Brinken (Paul Wegener) develops a theory about "bad seeds" and contrives to impregnate a prostitute with a mandrake sprouted from the semen of a hanged criminal. This rank violation of natural order, of the female body in the name of science, and of social norms at the very least, is carried out and the product of the unholy experiment is beautiful Alraune (Brigitte Helm), promptly adopted by the good professor and sent off to a convent to be raised by the unwitting nuns. Alraune is, in every traditional sense of the word, "bad." To the delight of her peers, she puts a giant (and note the obscenity of this species on a chaste victim) *stag* beetle on her Mother Superior's back while receiving a kindly benediction; engages in a secret affair via clandestine communications with a boy in shades of *The Golem*; shares a box of contraband chocolate

[1] Robert Eggers' remake of *Nosferatu* amplifies the female Gothic elements of the story to make explicit what is mostly implicit in Galeen's text. Even so, the reluctance of most male critics even a century later to unpack this tale as a criticism of the patriarchy is telling.

with her voracious pals, and then dances around saucily in lingerie while spraying everyone with perfume. She is sexually forward and threatening by her confidence. She makes mockery of authority, finds a new boyfriend while eloping with her current boyfriend, smokes, drinks beer, steals shamelessly, and holds eye contact with strange men… most damning? She even likes magicians.

As an early template for *noir's femme fatale*, watch Alraune's hungry expression as her indelicate actions lead to an all-out brawl between two rivals for her attention in a hurtling train car. The way Galeen bumps the car to cause her to buck in a sexual way as she enjoys the violence she's inspired - on Hitchcock's favorite vehicular metaphor for sex, no less, what with its tubular shape and all those tunnels and all - is a riot. For me, I love the moment Alraune agrees to return to live with her "father" the professor, dressed in a revealing spider woman suit, and juxtaposed against a cage full of restless lions forced to perform against their savage natures. Her "kiss" with the lion tamer before his act - touching the tip of her cigarette to his in order to light it - is as "dirty" a scene as anything contrived by Bogie and Bacall in the heyday of their own infamous cigarette lightings. *Alraune* is lawless. Once "home," the professor spies on her as she puts on the socially-acceptable white dress he's bought for her. She catches the eye of a Viscount (John Loder), enchants entire ballrooms of male guests, and enflames her father's lust for her by playing on his affections while shooting secret glances at him to gauge her pernicious impact. Galeen catches all of her calculations with stunning, fourth wall-breaking close-ups of her eyes, lit with pinpoints as if alive with infernal fire. She discovers her origins, contrives to destroy her father for his evil machinations, and finally succeeds by squandering his wealth and toying with his illicit affections. He tries to murder her, but the professor's nephew, Franz (Iván Petrovich), who is "good" even though we've already seen the way he's devoured Alraune's picture, intervenes at the last moment. Happily ever after? I really doubt it. Compare this character with Louise Brooks' Lulu in Pabst's *Pandora's Box* (1929). Both are unbridled forces of feminine power but only Lulu is punished for it.

The professor is left in his madness, fetishizing a mandrake root in some perverse collision between the Pygmalian story and the Czech Republic's *Otesánek* while Alraune is free again in the world like the sentient sex robot loosed at the end of Alex Garland's *Ex Machina* (2014).[2] To be clear, Alraune is not the villain of the piece named after her - neither is Galeen's Golem who, as a created being and a religious icon, is even more than the temptress Jessica incapable of acting on his desires, nor Ellen Hutter who, after all, is the victim of a puritanical society's attempts to quiet her natural urges. It begs the question of whether we are meant to take the Frankensteinian plot of *Alraune* literally. Did the professor actually succeed in his act of artificial insemination? Or is there a more mundane explanation for a child orphaned by a prostitute, raised by a confused madman and finally entrusted to the foster care of nuns? Is it any wonder she chooses a series of bad men to bolster her self-confidence? Is it any wonder she runs away to join the circus and learns to use her power as a beautiful woman to control the weak and lascivious? Remember, what animates the female Gothic, after all, is less the supernatural than the everyday horror of gender relationships. Jane Eyre isn't about zombies and Wuthering Heights, though it has a ghost, is mostly about the memory of a strong woman destroyed by men who failed to control her, couldn't understand her and obviously didn't deserve her.

[2] Garland, as it happens, is a fascinating inheritor of Galeen's legacy of interpreting the female Gothic in various modern contexts.

Galeen's protagonists have two goals: the first is assimilation and, failing that, the second is emancipation. I have a theory about German Expressionism and art during the Weimar period (roughly 1917-1933), that it was so empathetic towards women and the queer community because the Jewish artists working within this system found kinship in these "fringe" stories of ostracization and increasingly perilous threats to corporeal autonomy in the face of a rising tide of white nationalism. Just the trope of an obvious outsider wanting to assimilate into even a foolish aristocracy it's inclined to mock reminds of another Austrian/Jewish filmmaker, Billy Wilder, whose work includes one of the great *noirs* (*Double Indemnity* which may owe a debt to Alraune's enjoyment of two men engaged in mortal combat for her attentions) and romantic comedies involving suggestions of, if not exactly incest, at least statutory complications (*The Major and the Minor, Love in the Afternoon*). Notably, Wilder and Galeen share an acid, intimate understanding of fascism, the rigidity of economic castes, and the tireless anxiety of the perpetual outsider.

Henrik Galeen was born Heinryk Wisenberg in 1881 in either Lemberg, Galicia (now Western Ukraine) or in the town of Stryi - Stryi is not far from Lemberg. His parentage is equally hazy though Galeen is proudly Jewish, and what we know for sure of his upbringing is that he was a traveling actor for a time; that he founded an acting troupe with Isidor Gesang called "The Society of Theater Lovers" and fell in love with and married Swedish art student Elvira Benedikta Adler. We know Gesang eventually becomes an assistant to Max Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin where Henrik would later join him. It's theorized Henrik takes the stage name "Galeen" after touring through St. Gallen, a Swiss city and the capital of the canton of St. Gallen south of Lake Constance. The Abbey of St. Gall is there, a baroque monastery boasting of twin cathedral spires and a library of ancient books. It's the prime setting, in other words, for one of Henrik's gothic frights.

Then the war intervenes. After his service as a supply officer, when Henrik returns to Berlin, his wife moves with their children away to Tirol to be closer to her father. He founds a theater company with Isidor called "The Jewish Artists Theater Company;" he works for UFA, has a falling out

with UFA -- and then Albin Grau, for a company he founded called "Prana Film," asks if Henrik would adapt Dracula for film even though they didn't exactly have permission to do so. What we know of Galeen for certain is that he was a wanderer, an entrepreneur, proud of his heritage and hungry for advancement in whatever pursuit he chose, with or without a family's support.

In an interview with independent Jewish newsletter "Forward" by PJ Grisar on October 29, 2018, writer and scholar Olaf Ashkenazi is quoted as saying about Galeen:

> He was drawn to all kinds of monsters. People who are in between identities, people who want to be something else. This social position of someone who wants to get in but is recognized as "other" was very attractive to Jewish filmmakers. His monsters are not so monstrous… At some points in [*Nosferatu*] it's not really clear if Nosferatu or the good German character is the monster. It's an interesting idea coming from a Jewish scriptwriter to make the monster so hard to grasp.

Around 1929, Henrik leaves Berlin for London where he makes three films including *After the Verdict* from a screenplay by Alma Reville - Reville who had married a young filmmaker named Alfred Hitchcock three years previous. The plot involves a tennis star who falls in love with a young man who may be a murderer, elements familiar to admirers of Hitchcock's adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's deliciously queer *Strangers on a Train*. Henrik returned to Berlin for a short while, fled to Sweden in 1933, then New York where he dies on the last day of July in 1949 without knowing that all of his relatives remaining in Europe have been murdered during the Holocaust. Henrik Galeen, chronicler of monsters in exile in search of belonging, spent the last years of his life among failing projects and in flight from the place he was born. Galeen's *The Student of Prague* (1926) opens with a tombstone engraved with "In memory of Balduin, the best fencer in Prague. He gambled with Evil and lost. Pray for the redemption of his soul, you wanderer. Adieu, Balduin." I wonder if Galeen saw himself as Balduin: gambler, wanderer, cast out by his own hand and finally at the end in search of redemption.

I wonder, too, if *The Student of Prague*, if not Galeen's best film as director (*Alraune* must hold that distinction), is not only my favorite of his works but perhaps his most personal. A remake of Hanns Heinz Ewers' 1913 film which featured Galeen's friend Isador (now John Gottowt) as the Mephistophelean Scapinelli and Galeen himself behind the scenes as Ewers' secretary. In the 1926 version Galeen casts Werner Krauss as Scapinelli and the great Conrad Veidt as Balduin, reuniting the pair from Robert Weine's masterpiece *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920) in another tale of altered perceptions, unreliable narrators, and madness. Galeen adds class struggle: Balduin, a sports hero is nevertheless beneath the station of Margit von Schwarzenberg (Agnes Esterhazy) for whom he develops a terrible infatuation. The infernal Scapinelli promises wealth and status in exchange for Balduin's mirror reflection - his doppelganger and, it's strongly implied, his soul. Balduin agrees but we understand it's not a prize without value: Balduin is beloved by his mates, he even has an admirer of his own in the lovely Lyduschka (Elizza La Porta), but he isolates himself in his obvious melancholy. "What is he missing?" his friends wonder and it's the eternal question of the Romanticist hero; of Kafka's hunger artist who would have eaten had he only ever found something he wanted to eat. Balduin, like Galeen, is ambitious and that ambition has made him restless. Scapinelli (Krauss playing it to the rafters) offers Balduin the deal and Balduin, still half-thinking it's a joke, signs the contract. Watch how Galeen cuts between close-ups of Krauss, hungry, and wider shots of Krauss the jovial buddy. Chilling.

Balduin, now a ghoul who avoids mirrors that no longer hold his reflection, uses his newfound wealth to court Margit. He asks her to run away with him to "the loneliest spot in the city" as a test of her affections and she agrees. In a breathtaking film's most arresting moment, watch Scapinelli's enormous shadow cast itself against the balustrade of their happiness. What a glorious representation of dread. I think the shadow of doom hangs over all of Weimar Germany and so too, by extension, must it bedevil German Expressionism. As a Jew, already persecuted and soon to be hunted and exterminated, the coming storm must have felt particularly close and cloying. For *The Student of Prague*, not even assimilation into the aristocracy will be shelter enough. His shadow is separated from him but never very far. And then Balduin cracks and *The Student of Prague*

descends into a nightmare. The camera veers wildly in time with a saw used as a bow on a full bass like a magician sawing at a woman in a woman-shaped box. Galeen even superimposes the saw over Balduin's head to announce how everything inside there is about to come tumbling out.

Balduin makes his confession. Margit faints and windows blow open like the doors of perception in Hitchcock's *Spellbound* (and, even later, his *The Trouble with Harry*). The final struggle between Balduin and his dark half uses push zooms, a dolly effect I don't know if I'll see again until Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* in 1946, a remarkable chase along a gale-torn tree-lined path that ends finally in our hero cowering before the devastated shards of an identity he's shattered in pursuit of an illusion. *The Student of Prague* is the tragic briefness of the Weimar Republic; the desperate cry of the soon-to-be-lost of German Expressionism; and the genius of the artist as the outsider who dreams of a better world and better selves but wakes to find that hope is a lie told to children. Balduin commits suicide by obliterating his true self who was missing nothing, but didn't know it. Henrik Galeen was a poet of the female Gothic, a voice for the oppressed through the larger medium of German Expressionism. Here are two exhibits in his defense.

Walter Chaw is Senior Film Critic for FilmFreakCentral.net. He has bylines in the *NY Times, Washington Post, Criterion, The LA Weekly, NY Post's Decider, NY Magazine's Vulture*, and is an occasional guest on NPR's "Pop Culture Happy Hour." He has written a monograph on *Miracle Mile* and a critical study of the career of Walter Hill called "A WALTER HILL FILM."

WHERE DOTH HE LIE? THE FINAL BREATH & BURIAL OF HENRIK GALEEN

by

Stephen R. Bissette

As stated in regional newspapers the first day of August, 1949, Henrik Galeen died "in his summer home in Granville," Vermont on July 30th, 1949.[3]

As a native Vermonter and devoted (almost-lifelong) fan of Galeen's remarkable films (I first experienced NOSFERATU as a preteen, via a truncated 8mm version), I've been obsessed with what led to this world-famous writer-director taking his last breath in my home state.

Furthermore, *where* was Henrik Galeen laid to rest?

No one seems to know.

Upon his passing, *The Rutland Daily Herald* reported that Galeen "…came to the United States in 1940 and became a naturalized citizen five years later."

> "Last summer in New York he married Baronness [sic] Isle [sic] von Schenk who survives him with two children by a former marriage, Mrs. Elvi Yerlov and Izar Galeen; and two stepsons, Maj. Peter Schenk and Henry Schenk of New York, besides three grandchildren.
>
> The funeral will be held tomorrow at 2:30 p.m. in the Campbell

[3] *Rutland Daily Herald*, Rutland, VT, Monday, August 1, 1949, pg. 5.

Funeral home in Rochester, with the Rev. Myron Wilder, pastor of the Federated churches of Rochester and Granville officiating.

Burial will be in South Hollow cemetery in Granville."[4]

However, Galeen *isn't* in South Hollow Cemetery.

Curious, too, is the fact that Baroness Ilse Christiana Petersen (born September 11, 1898 in St. Polten, Austria; died February 12, 1988 in Vermont) was *already* married—

—to Josef Franz "Pepi" Baron Von Schenk, wed on November 08, 1919 in St. Poelten, Austria.

It was Ilse and Josef's sons, Peter and Heinrich ("Henry"), who were named as Galeen's stepsons in the Rutland newspaper; they emigrated with their parents to New York in 1932. After Henrik Galeen's death, Heinrich/Henry served as a Nuremberg Trials translator, then served in the Korean War, where he went missing (officially declared dead the final day of 1953).[5]

[4] *Ibid*. Galeen being wed to "Comptess [sic] Ilse von Schenk and Elvira Adler" is also cited in multiple English-language sources, including https://m.imdb.com/search/name/?death_place=vermont,%20usa&sort=death_date,asc

[5] See "Genealogy Report: Descendents of Georg Anton Ritter von Brezany," Genealogy.com—which also quotes information from grandson Steven George von Schenk—archived online at https://www.genealogy.com/ftm/b/r/e/Eugene-E-Brezany/GENE3-0007.html

Writing from his home in Arlington, Virginia, in 2001, Ilse and Josef's grandson Steven George von Schenk stated,

> "…my grandparents, Baron Josef and Baroness Ilse von Schenk… were artists who came to America from Vienna, Austria, in 1932, and opened a design studio in New York. Before and during World War II, they were responsible for getting many Viennese artists and intellectuals out of Austria, saving them from an uncertain Nazi future. They gave them work in New York, and got them settled into new and productive lives in America. The Baron and Baroness became the center of an expatriate European artistic community that flourished in a new atmosphere of tolerance and freedom. After World War II my grandparents moved to Vermont, finally settling in Essex, where they purchased [a] property on Chapin Road. They operated The Vermont Toy Farm for many years there…"[6]

Henrik's late-in-life marriage to Ilse von Schenk was reported in Galeen's obituaries, sans mention that before *and* after Henrik and Ilse's brief marriage, the Baron Josef and Baroness Ilse were still together. All citations of the Baron and Baroness make no mention whatsoever of Galeen having ever been Ilse's husband.

Curious, this; let's stick with what *is* known:

> "…After moving to Great Britain from 1928 to 1931 (where he worked mainly as a supervisor and where he made only one film as a director in 1929, *After the Verdict*…), Galeen returned to Germany for a short time, but in 1933, due to his Jewish origins, he was forced to emigrate first back to Great Britain, then to the United States. His career, unfortunately, with the exception of a few unfinished projects, was now over."[7]

Arriving in America in 1940, Henrik joined the Baron and Baroness's

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[6] Steven Geo. von Schenk, "The 'Hooky House'—The 1805 Schoolhouse," *The Echo, the Newsletter of the Essex Community Historical Society*, Spring 2001, volume 17, page 2–3

[7] Marina Pavido, "Henrik Galeen – Lights and Shadows," February 20, 2022, Cinema-Austriaco, archived online at https://cinema-austriaco.org/en/2022/02/20/henrik-galeen-lights-and-shadows/

community, becoming an American citizen in 1945. Whatever was negotiated—for whatever reason—Henrik and Ilse were wed in the summer of 1948.

That fall, Ilse expanded her NYC-based "toy factory and show room" into Vermont; during their year together, the couple wintered in New York City at 680 Western Avenue, and summered in Rochester, Vermont.[8] Ilse also employed 17 local Vermont women to construct and sew clothes for her popular "Pocketbook" dolls.[9]

Henrik Galeen was admitted June 27th 1949 into the Gifford Memorial Hospital in Randolph[10] suffering with acute stomach pain, diagnosed as "Carcinoma of Stomach" (his death certificate states, "Interval Between Onset and Death: 1 year"). Dr. Wilmer W. Angell, M.D., operated on Henrik on July 11 ("Major Findings of Operation: Carcinomatosis of Peritoneum"), testifying on Galeen's death certificate, "I attended the deceased from June 27, 1949 to July 30, 1949, that I last saw the deceased alive on July 29, 1949, and that death occurred at 8:15 Am."[11]

Henrik was reportedly buried August 1st, 1949—but *where?*

His death certificate cites "~~No.~~ South Hollow Cemetery," that "No." meaning "North" having been crossed out by hand, with "South" written under "Hollow Cemetery." A handwritten note at the bottom of death certificate reads "Burial was in South Hollow Cem. Change noted 8/9/1949," signed "E.H. Frick."[12]

I first visited the Granville, Vermont South Hollow Cemetery in December of 2012, but I couldn't find any headstone for Galeen. In fact, there is no headstone visible dated prior to the 1920s.On October 12, 2024, I returned with my wife Marjory and friend Valerie Martin to the South Hollow Cemetery; we also checked the nearby North Hollow Cemetery.There is no indication whatsoever that Henrik Galeen is buried in *either* cemetery.

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[8] Summary from New York City, NY records and Gifford Memorial Hospital, Inc. (aka GMH) records
[9] *Rutland Daily Herald*, Wednesday, October 6, 1948, page 12.
[10] *White River Valley Herald*, "Hospital Notes," Thursday, June 30, 1949, page 13.
[11] Quoted from Standard Certificate of Death, State of Vermont, #77, for Henrik Galeen.
[12] *Ibid.*

Did some possessive fan steal Galeen's headstone decades ago? No—the local Town Clerk informs me no one with a name beginning with 'G' was ever buried in either graveyard.

To date, no state or town official has been able to provide any further information.

Original artwork courtesy of Dave McKean

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Rutland Daily Herald, Rutland, VT, Monday, August 1, 1949, pg. 5.

Ibid. Galeen being wed to "Comptess [sic] Ilse von Schenk and Elvira Adler" is also cited in multiple English-language sources, including https://m.imdb.com/search/name/?death_place=vermont,%20usa&sort=death_date,asc

See "Genealogy Report: Descendents of Georg Anton Ritter von Brezany," Genealogy.com—which also quotes information from grandson Steven George von Schenk—archived online at https://www.genealogy.com/ftm/b/r/e/Eugene-E-Brezany/GENE3-0007.html

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Marina Pavido, "Henrik Galeen – Lights and Shadows," February 20, 2022, Cinema-Austriaco, archived online at https://cinema-austriaco.org/en/2022/02/20/henrik-galeen-lights-and-shadows/

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White River Valley Herald, "Hospital Notes," Thursday, June 30, 1949, page 13.

Quoted from Standard Certificate of Death, State of Vermont, #77, for Henrik Galeen.

Ibid.

Film credits courtesy of the Filmmuseum München

Der Student von Prag 1926, 133 min. Musikbegleitung von / *Score by* Stephen Horne

Alraune 1927, 131 min. Musikbegleitung von / *Score by* Sabrina Zimmermann & Mark Pogolski

Auf gefährlichen Spuren 1924, 15' (Ausschnitte / *excerpts)* Klavierbegleitung von / *Piano score by* Richard Siedhoff

Der Student von Prag *(The Man Who Cheated Life)* – Deutschland 1926 / *Germany 1926* – Regie und Drehbuch / *Directed and written by:* Henrik Galeen – Kamera / *Cinematography by:* Günther Krampf – Bauten / *Set Design by:* Hermann Warm – Mit / *With:* Conrad Veidt (Balduin), Werner Krauß (Scapi- nelli), Elizza La Porta (Lyduschka), Anes Esterhazy (Margit), Fritz Alberti (Reichsgraf von Schwarzen- berg), Ferdinand von Alten (Freiherr von Waldis-Schwarzenberg), Erich Kober (Krebs) – Produktion / *Produced by:* Sokal-Film, Berlin – Premiere: 25.10.1926, Berlin (Capitol)

Rekonstruktion / *Reconstruction by:* Stefan Drössler, Gerhard Ullmann, Klaus Volkmer – Material / *Source material:* Archivo Nacional de la Imagen y la Palabra (Montevideo), Gosfilmofond (Moskau), Filmmuseum München – Digitalisierung / *Scanning and mastering:* Thomas Bakels – Tonaufnahme / *Sound recording:* Orpheus Studio London – Musik / *Music:* Stephen Horne (piano, accordion, flute, percussion) – © 2019 by Filmmuseum München

Alraune ***(A Daughter of Destiny)*** – Deutschland 1927 / *Germany 1927* – Regie und Drehbuch / *Directed and written by:* Henrik Galeen – Kamera / *Cinematography by:* Franz Planer – Bauten: *Max Heil- bronner, Walter Reimann* – Mit / *With:* Brigitte Helm (Alraune), Paul Wegener (Professor ten Brinken), Ivan Petrovich (Frank Braun), Wolfgang Zilzer (Wölfchen), Louis Ralph (Titorelli), John Loder (Viconte) – Produktion / *Produced by:* Ama-Film, Berlin – Premiere: 25.1.1928, Berlin (Capitol)

Rekonstruktion / *Reconstruction by:* Stefan Drössler – Material / *Source material:* Det Danske Filmmuseum (Kopenhagen), Gosfilmofond (Moskau), Deutsches Filminstitut (Wiesbaden), Filmmuseum München – Digitalisierung / *Scanning:* Thomas Bakels– Bildrestaurierung / *Image restoration:* Christian Ketels, Stefan Wimmer – Tonaufnahme / *Sound recording:* Gunther Bittmann – Musik / *Music:* Sabrina Zimmermann (violine), Mark Pogolski (piano) – © 2021 by Filmmuseum München

Auf gefährlichen Spuren ***(Dangerous Paths)*** – Deutschland 1924 / *Germany 1924* – Regie / *Directed by:* Harry Piel – Drehbuch / *Written by:* Henrik Galeen, Adolf Lantz – Kamera / *Cinematography by:* Georg Muschner, Gotthardt Wolf – Bauten: Kurt Richter – Mit / *With:* Harry Piel (Harry), Dary Holm (Dorothy), Henrik Galeen (Francis Margreit), Jenny Marba (Marianne Wendel) – Produktion / *Produced by:* Hape-Film-Compagnie, Berlin – Premiere: 10.6.1924, Berlin (Alhambra).

Rekonstruktion des Gesamtfilms (103') / *Reconstruction of the complete film (103') by:* Andreas Thein – Material / *Source material:* Cinémathèque suisse (Lausanne), Bundesarchiv (Berlin) – Digitalisie- rung und Bildrestaurierung / *Scanning and Image restoration:* Thomas Bakels, Oliver Tost – © 2019 by Filmmuseum Düsseldorf

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